Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Fourpence 4th June, 1960

TOUGHEST WALK OF ALL

Man who climbed 42 peaks in less than 24 hours

Imagine walking 68 miles of some of the roughest country in Britain inside 24 hours, and while you were about it climbing 42 peaks and a total height of 26,000 feet.

Impossible? Not at all, for this was the achievement of Bob Graham in 1932 when he set up the existing Fell-walking Record of the Lake District—a record which two men the other day gallantly but unsuccessfully tried to beat.

THE Fell-Walking Record is judged to be held by the person or persons who cover the longest distance and the highest number of 2,000-foot peaks in a 24-hour walk, usually starting and ending in Keswick.

It began in 1864, when the Rev. Julius Elliot made a 15-mile circuit over the highest mountains in the Lake District involving 6,500 feet of ascent in 8½ hours. He was followed shortly afterwards by the Pilkington brothers, pioneers of British climbing, who managed 13,800 feet but took a little longer than 24 hours.

The idea caught on, and the standard gradually rose until in 1905 Dr. Arthur Wakefield surprised everybody by covering 59 miles and climbing 23,500 feet in a little over 22 hours.

This record lasted for 15 years, and then the doctor himself helped to pace Eustace Thomas, a Manchester man, who covered the same circuit in 21 hours, 25 minutes.

Thomas later improved on his own record, and this lasted until Sunday, 12th June, 1932, when Bob Graham of Keswick went out in the early morning darkness to attempt what seems an impossible feat. If you trace the route on an Ordnance Survey map of the Lake District, you will see for yourself just how strenuous a task Graham had set himself, and why his record is still unbeaten after 28 years.

1 a.m. Departed Keswick Market Place.
2.28 a.m. Reached summit of Skiddaw via Latrigg.
3.20 a.m. Reached summit of Great Calva.

Graham and his pacer then crossed Blencathra and descended to Threlkeld Lead Mines (5 a.m.) where the pacer had a hot drink prepared by waiting friends. Graham himself refused everything except a fruit pastille, and they stopped for only eight minutes.

8 a.m. Reached summit of Helvellyn after climbing Clough Head and crossing the Dodds.
9.47 a.m. Reached Dunmail Raise after crossing Nethermost Pike, Dollywaggon Pike, Fairfield, and Seat Sandal.

Graham rested here for 20 minutes to have breakfast and then set off again with a fresh pacer.

12 noon. Reached summit of Sergeant Man after crossing Steel Fell, Calf Crag, High White Stone, and High Raise.
3.40 p.m. Reached summit of Scafell Pike via Thunacar Knott, Harrison Stickle, Bow Fell, Esk Pike, and Great End.
5 p.m. Reached Wasdale Head after crossing Scafell via Broad Stand.

At Wasdale Head, Graham rested for half an hour while he ate a light tea. Then he set out with a third pacer.

9.45 p.m. Reached Honister Pass after climbing Yewbarrow, Red Pike, Steeple, Pillar, Looking Stead, Great Gable, Green Gable, Brandreth, and Grey Knotts.

He drank some hot milk here.

11.55 p.m. Reached the Newlands Valley with his fourth pacer after crossing Dale Head, Hindscarth, and Robinson.

Bob Graham was now 4½ miles from Keswick with an hour in hand, so after stopping five minutes for a drink of tea, he *trotted* the rest of the way and arrived back at the Market Place at 39 minutes after midnight—looking fresher than his companions.

Well, there it is: 68 miles and 26,000 feet of ascent in less than 24 hours! Several attempts have been made to beat this record but until recently none of the competitors was even able to finish the course.

The recent effort was made by two Lake District men, Maurice Collett and Paul Stewart, who succeeded in raising the total height climbed to 34,000 feet and covered 71 miles. But they took 27 hours 20 minutes, and therefore did not set up a new record.

Had they succeeded, nobody would have been more delighted than Bob Graham, who, now 70 years of age, owns a hotel in Borrowdale, in the heart of the fells he knows so well and where he set up a record that is likely to remain unbroken for a long time to come.

WALT UNSWORTH

ON THE RIGHT LINES

Enjoying an excursion with the Junior Locospotters Club of Great Britain, these young enthusiasts find that an engine makes a fine perch for their hobby. *(See page 6)*

Boy who rode with the firemen

It was a small boy's wildest dream come true—a ride on a gleaming red fire engine—and it happened to six-year-old Raymond Hall, of Derby.

He was playing on waste land near his home when he spotted a fire which looked to be in danger of spreading. Something had to be done.

Now Raymond's father often takes him to the corner opposite Derby's Fire headquarters so that he can watch the firemen practising with hoses and ladders. It is a mile from his home, but he knew the way and ran the whole distance.

At the station, having told his story, he was asked to ride with the crew to show them the way. And afterwards it was a red fire service van which took a proud Raymond back home.

"He acted," said Derby's Chief Fire Officer, "with very commendable intelligence for a boy of his age. We are very grateful to him."

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Reflections after the Summit failure

By the CN Diplomatic Correspondent

It is now a matter of history that the Summit talks in Paris between the top statesmen of Britain, France, the United States, and Russia did not take place.

They were broken off by Mr. Nikita Krushchev, the Russian Prime Minister, even before they had started, and the four leaders parted without discussing any of the grave problems which divide the world.

The reasons for the failure of the Summit are a matter for speculation. But is it possible that we can find clues in the character of the Soviet leader himself? As many of our actions later in life are coloured or influenced by our childhood, perhaps we should concentrate most on Mr. Krushchev's early background.

DURING his last statement in Paris he likened 'the imperialists'—that is, his Western opponents—to the Russian boyars who would spread mustard on the lips and nostrils of their servants while the servants said "Thank you" and bowed low.

The boyars were the feudal aristocracy of Russia who were overthrown by the Bolsheviks (later the Communists) in the Revolution of 1917. The memory of the boyars is imprinted on Mr. Krushchev's memory.

The people of Britain centuries ago threw off the kind of serfdom which existed in Russia *less* than a century ago, when the peasants had no land of their own, but worked on the boyars' lands merely for a share of the crops. The only way they could protest at their inhuman treatment, for they often starved in Winter, was to burn the crops and drive the boyars' cattle into the forest.

Reforms resisted

Unrest grew so rapidly that in 1861 Tsar Alexander II abolished serfdom. But this reform was resisted by the boyars, and of all places to which this "new order" spread, it spread last and least of all to that part of the Ukraine in which the Khrushchevs lived.

They lived in a hut near the church in the village of Kalinovka in the district of Kursk. The father, Sergei Krushchev, was among the poorest of the few hundred villagers. Every Winter Sergei left the village secretly to work in the Don coal mines until the Spring, though this was forbidden for the peasants. But it was the only way the Khrushchevs could get enough money to live.

In 1894, the year Nikita was born, Sergei was hanging on desperately to the few acres his grandfather had left on mortgage; he did not know where to find the next payment due on the land. In the Ukraine life was now very hard.

Cruel treatment

The Tsar had been assasinated and succeeded by Alexander III, who was afraid to leave his palace. The boyars ran affairs much as they liked in the Ukraine. For instance, peasants who failed to work a fixed number of days without pay on the boyars' lands were ordered by Estate Courts to be flogged for the "crime." If a man died under the flogging his friends and neighbours divided his land among themselves.

To the peasant the great Tsar, thousands of miles away in his great Kremlin palace in Moscow, was his "little father" who, if the poor peasant could only get to talk to him, would put things right. It is not surprising, therefore, that when Tsar Nicholas II ascended the Throne, Sergei Krushchev should call his son Nikita, or little Nicholas, after him.

Nikita was still a baby when Nicholas was crowned. He turned out to be a rather lazy and slow-witted boy, but the local priest tried to help him.

The priest championed Nikita and told his parents he was "a slow developer." He offered to take him as a pupil at the church school and teach him free. But even after two years at school Nikita had not learned to read or write, and at the age of eleven he was placed in charge of the village flock of sheep. He was given a hut, a whistle, an alarm bell (to warn against wolves or thieves) and a shilling a week.

Recruit for revolution

But at this he failed, too. The value of the occupation, however, was that Nikita throve on the independence it had given him. Eventually he went to the Don mines with his father; and there he became a ripe recruit for the revolutionary movement which was springing up in Russia.

This brief account of Nikita's childhood might indicate why he was the "odd man out" at the recent Summit. There had been revolutions or civil wars in all the three countries also represented at the Summit, and they had all, in their day, produced "tough" men like Mr. Krushchev.

But he is nearer to the "bad old days" than his other contemporaries. It is interesting to speculate—and, of course, it is only speculation—that the harsh treatment of the peasant in those "bad old days" may be one of the reasons for Mr. Krushchev's humiliating treatment of the Western leaders—the imperialists as he calls them—in Paris recently.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

A baobab tree on which David Livingstone carved his initials while in Chemba, Mozambique, has been declared a national relic.

Britain had 179,192 overseas visitors in the first quarter of this year—ten per cent more than in the same period last year.

British European Airways' new Comet 4B jet airliners, brought into service on 1st April, have already earned more that £500,000.

Liverpool's Lady Mayoress

When the new Lord Mayor of Liverpool was elected his wife said she would feel too nervous to take on the job of Lady Mayoress. So her daughter, Mrs Lilian O'Neill, has taken her place.

Well done, indeed

The first Nigerian member of the Boys' Brigade to win the Diploma for Gallant Conduct, 12-year-old Private Filibus, carried out an unusual kind of rescue. He saw a baby fall down a well 12 feet deep, and with no rope or ladder handy, went down by digging a foot into either side of the mud wall. On reaching the water, he held the baby up until help arrived and then applied artificial respiration to revive it.

A wedding ring lost eleven years ago by Mrs. Cushion of Upper Tasburgh, Norfolk, has been found by her husband on a strawberry plant in their garden.

BEWARE, ADDERS!

The Forestry Commission warns people entering the New Forest to beware of adders. It is believed that about 25,000 of them are hidden in the undergrowth.

Since the Duke of Edinburgh's Award scheme started four years ago, gold standard awards have been presented to 405 boys and 53 girls.

Kent County Council have finally agreed that the new University of Kent will be at Canterbury.

RESCUERS RESCUED

Two naval airmen practising helicopter rescues off Portland, came down in the sea and had to be rescued—by helicopter.

Annapurna II, a mountain in the Himalayas, was climbed for the first time recently by three members of a ten-man British-Indian-Nepalese expedition. Known also as Necklace Peak, because of striped bands near the summit, Annapurna is 26,041 feet high.

* * *

THEY SAY . . .

THE British Commonwealth should have a festival of arts every three years, run like the Olympic Games.

Sir Malcolm Sargent

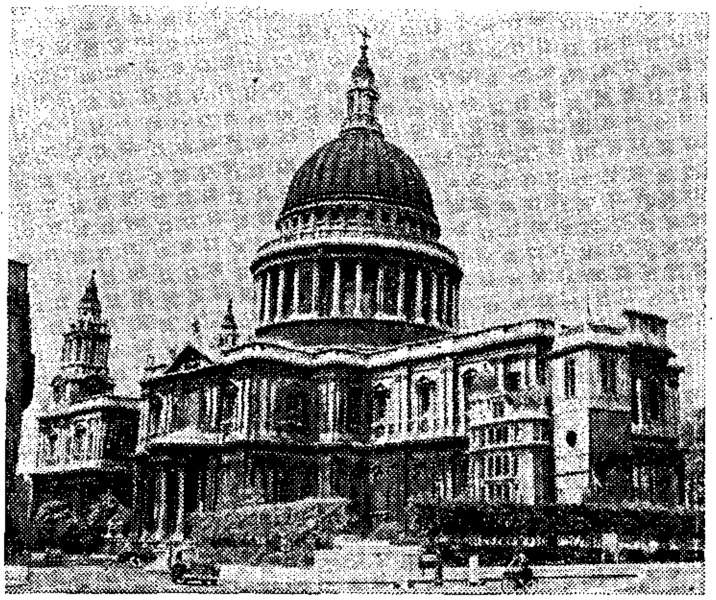
IT is never an easy business to grow up; some people never manage it at all.

The Bishop of Southwell

Brave Wendi of Harwich

The girl in this picture is Wendi Scase, who has been presented with the Royal Humane Society Testimonial for her gallant rescue of a seven-year-old boy from Harwich Harbour last August.

Despite dangerous tidal currents in the harbour, Wendi dived into ten feet of water without hesitation when she saw the boy struggling. After a hard fight she dragged him safely back to the pier before collapsing herself from exhaustion.



OUR HOMELAND

St. Paul's Cathedral, London.
(See article in next column)

BIRTHDAY FOR ST. PAUL'S

Next Tuesday, 7th June, is being celebrated as the 250th anniversary of the opening of Wren's great cathedral, St. Paul's.

The rebuilding made necessary by the Great Fire of London, in 1666, was completed by Sir Christopher Wren in 1710. And now history repeats itself to some extent for the 250th birthday year should see the whole building re-opened to the public after the restoration of war-time damage, including fire.

A special service of thanksgiving is to be held at 5.30 on the afternoon of Whit Tuesday, and this will be linked with the annual Festival of the 'Friends of St. Paul's of whom Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is Patron. She will be present at the service, which will be open to the public without the need to obtain tickets.

Celebrations will continue on Monday, 20th June, with a concert at the Royal Festival Hall by the Cathedral Choir, which rarely sings outside St. Paul's. Some of the music will be such as Wren himself may have heard echoing in the great spaces of his masterpiece.

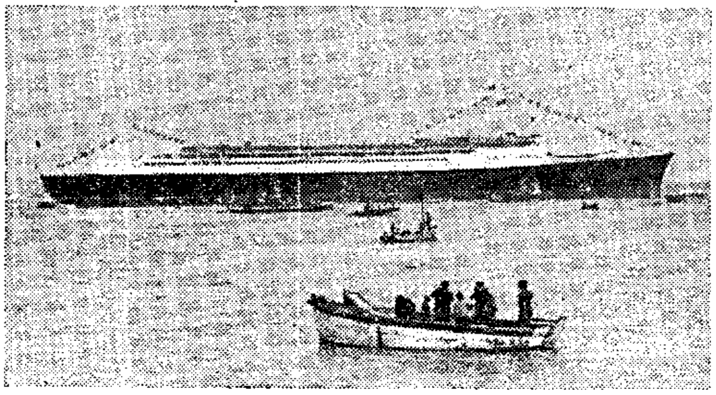
It must be remembered, however, that a Christian church dedicated to St. Paul has stood on this same site for at least 13 centuries.

* * *

Old soldiers

The skeletons of three Saxon warriors of about the sixth century, together with their spears, knives and iron-bossed shields, have been unearthed by workmen digging a trench at Winterbourne, near Salisbury.

New giant of the Atlantic



This picture shows the world's longest ship, the liner *France* (63,000 tons) which was launched at St. Nazaire the other day. Her overall length, of 1,035 feet, is about four feet greater than that of the *Queen Elizabeth*.

Built at a cost of £27,000,000, *France* will carry some 2,000 passengers, and is expected to make 23 round trips between Havre and New York every year. She will probably make her maiden voyage in 1962.

CENTURY OF LIFEBOATS

Margate lifeboatmen have been celebrating the 100th birthday of their lifeboat station. Over 1,800 lives have been saved since the first lifeboat was launched there in 1860.

In those days it was a 35-foot open boat using oars and sail. But there was never any lack of volunteers to man the boat and the early Margate coxswains had more than 50 fishermen to choose from when they needed a crew.

Margate had its first motor lifeboat in 1925, the 20-ton *Lord Southborough*, which saved 600 soldiers from the beaches of Dunkirk. For 24 hours she plied between the sands and offshore vessels. Her coxswain, Mr. Ted Parker, now retired, was awarded the D.S.M.

BIG ORDERS

The Suez Canal Authority has ordered steel piles worth £1,000,000 from a Middlesbrough firm; 80,000 pairs of shoes are being made in Northamptonshire for a Moscow firm; two vessels, worth £2,000,000, are to be built in a Sunderland shipyard for companies in Stockholm and Oslo.

PRIZES FOR ESSAYS

An essay competition for schoolboys and girls is again being run by the scientific journal, *Research*. Essays must be in the form of a report of not more than 1,500 words, on any piece of practical work or project in biology, chemistry, or physics. Diagrams and photographs (but not specimens) may be included.

Books or instruments are the prizes to the value of £15 as first prize, and £10 as second. Prizes of the same value will also be presented to the winners' school libraries. Entries must be sent in between 1st June and 31st July to The Editor, *Research*, 4 and 5 Bell Yard, London, W.C.2.

Interest in buildings

Another interesting essay competition, sponsored by the Council for Visual Education, aims at encouraging boys and girls to take an interest in the appearance of our towns and villages. "Buildings I Like or Dislike" is the subject.

This contest is divided into three age groups—10 to 12, 13 to 15, and 16 to 19. First and second prizes in each group will be book tokens of £4 and £2 for the first two groups and £5 and £3 for the third. Entries must be sent in by 8th November. More details can be obtained from Mr. W. A. Yerbury, at the Council's offices, 13 Suffolk Street, London, S.W.1.

VISITORS FROM RHODESIA

These four girls, seen as they arrived at Southampton, belong to a party of Rhodesian schoolgirls between 14 and 18, who are on a Summer tour of Europe.

No more preaching from bed

No longer will the minister of Aldwick Free Church, Bognor Regis, be known as "the only clergyman who preaches from his bed on Sunday morning." He is to have a new pulpit in place of the one made from a carved wooden bed, still retaining the castors, which has been in use ever since the church was built in 1938.

RUNAWAY TRAM

The conductor of a runaway tram in Hobart has sacrificed his life in an attempt to prevent disaster. During the rush hour in the Tasmanian capital the tram got out of control and went rushing backwards downhill. Instead of jumping off, the conductor stayed at his post, ringing the bell to warn other traffic in the busy street. The runaway tram then smashed into the one behind it and, locked together, they both swept into the centre of the city before coming to a stop. Forty-three people were injured.

Bill and his new camera

Bill's new camera is a birthday present from Dad.

It's the smart, streamlined 'Brownie' 127.

Dad gives Bill some tips on using it.

STEADY NOW! THE STEADIER YOU HOLD THE CAMERA, THE CLEARER THE PICTURE WILL BE.
TAKE A GOOD LOOK BEHIND ROVER. IF HE STANDS OUT AGAINST THE BACKGROUND YOU'LL GET A FIRST CLASS PICTURE.
I'VE GOT IT DAD!
WELL DONE! TRY ANOTHER—BUT REMEMBER TO WIND ON FIRST!
KEEP STILL AND I'LL TAKE ONE OF YOU.
YOU'RE DOING WELL. WITH THE LIGHT COMING OVER YOUR SHOULDER YOU'LL GET A CLEAR WELL-LIT SNAP.
LATER
SEE THESE, DAD! I'M GETTING QUITE PROFESSIONAL.
YOU LOOK IT, TOO, WITH THAT CAMERA SLUNG ROUND YOUR NECK.
Kodak
'BROWNIE' 127 CAMERA

Want to get good pictures the quick and easy way? You, too, want the 'Brownie' 127 camera! Cut along to your Kodak dealer's and see it now.

ONLY 24/5 INC. TAX

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Australian boy who found his own job

HOLIDAY TASK FOR SEAN SCULLY

THE youngest actor in *Mill of Secrets,* the new A.T.V. serial beginning on Sunday, is 12-year-old Sean Scully from Sydney, Australia. As "Snowy" Nolan, he plays one of the leading parts.

Snowy is an Australian boy who finds himself in a small English town without friends. He is lucky to arrive on the spot when two children and their aunt are making an historic "dig" on an old mill site. He takes a hand.

The young diggers, Simon and Amanda, are played by David Langford and Jeanette Bradbury, and the aunt by Gene Anderson.

Sean Scully is a fellow-student of David's at the Arts Educational School, London. When I met him there the other day he told me that he got the Snowy part—his first TV role—by going out on his own and finding a stage agency! That was a few days after his arrival in England recently on a holiday visit with his actress mother, Margaret Christensen.

"It's perfectly true," his mother told me. "I brought Sean here simply for the trip. But he wasted no time getting work."

Sean Scully

Sean has a part in the current Cinerama film, *South Seas Adventure,* which was filmed in the Australian outback. "But I didn't see myself in it till I came to London," Sean told me. Among his jobs over here has been a part in *The Flying Doctor* in the Light Programme.

His sister Wendy, only 17, produces programmes for Australian radio. Their father is a well-known violinist in Sydney.

Title No. 88

IMPOSTOR MISTRESS

It started as a daring deception. A clever plan thought up by mischievous Hattie Weston. But it had consequences Hattie never dreamed of—involving a stop-at-nothing crook.

topping twosome

Title No. 89

LOST IN THE JUNGLE

Judy and Dick Carter are flying in an airliner—forced down in a remote part of South America. Judy, Dick and a warm-hearted native girl hold the fates of the passengers in their hands.

You'll enjoy these new issues of

SCHOOLGIRLS' Picture Library

OUT NOW—ONE SHILLING EACH

Too young to be a gurgler

TWO of the three children in the B.B.C.'s Saturday Night Theatre play, *The End of the Track,* on Saturday, will be played by children. But the part of the third child, aged only six in the story, will be taken by a grown-up actress, Laine Macnamara. Producer Archie Campbell explains why.

"A young actor's professional career may not, by law, begin before the age of twelve," he said. "Now, although at that age he may successfully play a much younger child than himself, there are things he can't be expected to do—he just hasn't the technical skill. That's why, for very small children—toddlers, gurglers, and makers of baby noises—I invariably choose a grown-up!"

The End of the Track is about family adventures in the New Forest. The forest warden's two elder children, aged 15 and 9, are played by two teenagers—Jennifer Tafler, daughter of actor Sydney Tafler, and Malcolm Butterworth.

YOUNG ACTORS WANTED

SIX boys and six girls, aged 15 or over, but able to look ten years old, with North-country accents and some stage experience, are now being sought by Vivian A Daniels, B.B.C. drama producer in the North. He wants them for his TV production, *June Evening,* on 10th July next. Boys and girls chosen will be required to spend three weeks in London for full-time rehearsals. This, in fact, is one of the main snags. With the Summer school exams coming up, Vivian Daniels is afraid not many children will be available.

Young actors who think they can fulfil the conditions should write to him at the B.B.C., Broadcasting House, Piccadilly, Manchester, 1, if possible enclosing a photograph.

MAP-MAKERS AT WORK

LOOKED at the right way, a map is a sort of satellite's-eye view of a portion of the earth.

That is the impression Tony Hart told me he hopes to create in *Pin Point,* a new fortnightly series beginning on B.B.C. Junior TV on Friday.

A big landscape model in the studio will gradually be filled in with hills, valleys, rivers, roads, houses, and trees. At the same time a map of the scene will take shape bit by bit, showing how the geographical features are depicted in the framework of latitude and longitude.

"We shall tell the story of the origin of maps," said Tony. "We believe maps started because people wanted to show others where they were going, and scratched pictures in the sand. The early maps, as you will see, show man's pathetic idea of what the world was like."

Tony Hart

Later programmes will deal with the way map-makers work, sometimes with the aid of aerial photographs.

There will be a competition and, in the final programme, a map-makers' quiz.

BIG NIGHT IN STUDIO FIVE

ONE of I.T.V.'s biggest nights will be on Thursday, 9th June, when Associated-Rediffusion opens its giant new £1,000,000 studio at Wembley. "Studio Five," as it is called, is certainly the largest of its kind in Europe, and probably in the world.

The inaugural programme, from 8 to 9.25 p.m., will be a musical play called *An Arabian Night.*

Orson Welles is The Storyteller, and Stanley Holloway stars as the rascally Ibraham in a story which takes us back to the days of the great Caliph of Baghdad, Haroun Al Rashid, played by Joseph O'Conor.

Alan (Sheriff of Nottingham) Wheatley and Peter Bull are also in the cast along with Susan Stranks, Sydney Tafler, Carl Bernard, Martin Benson, and Avice Landon.

Dozens of separate camera shots ranging over five huge sets will present the 85-minute musical play in about 80 scenes.

In the studio will be ten horses, eight camels, six donkeys, four goats, two mules, two snakes, a bear, and an elephant—all borrowed from Chipperfield's Circus.

PROGRAMMES and PEOPLE on TV and RADIO

by

Ernest Thomson

Yorky's daughter wants a West End part

JILL TRACEY, who plays Yorky's daughter Ruth in Wilfred Pickles' current B.B.C. television series, is already well known to young viewers.

This attractive 23-year-old actress starred in B.B.C. Junior TV's *The Golden Spur* last Summer and was also in such TV serials as *The Honey Siege, Garry Halliday,* and *Captain Moonlight.*

Born in England—her father is Russian and her mother Italian—Jill went to Kenya at the age of 10. Leaving school at 17, she at once went to work for the Nairobi Theatre, where, she says, "I did the lot!" Then back to England and the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, followed by "Rep" work in different parts of the country.

Her big ambition now? "Please—a part in a London West End play!"

Life as an actress

A SCHOOLGIRL wins all-round praise for her performance in an end-of-term play. So she decides to go to a drama school. What are her chances of getting a foothold in the acting profession—one of the most overcrowded in Britain?

We can get some of the answers in *Beginners Please,* a dramatised documentary on B.B.C. television this Thursday about the problems of young actors and actresses.

Leonard Cottrell and Richard Wade, the authors, have built their story around a young drama student, Pamela West, played by Maureen Beck.

In the course of her career she meets fellow artists, agents, producers.

"It's not a glamour story," said Cottrell. "But it is lightened by comedy and the good-hearted companionship that exists among members of the theatrical profession."

Look out for these films

Bernard Lee and Michael Craig in *Cone of Silence*

DRAMA IN THE AIR

CONE OF SILENCE (Michael Craig, Elizabeth Seal, Bernard Lee, and Peter Cushing).

This is a film with a rather unusual theme about a veteran airline pilot, Captain Gort, who always flies strictly "by the book" but mysteriously crashes and is found guilty of "pilot error."

Captain Gort (played by Bernard Lee) is convinced that his handling of the plane was not at fault. but he is given a stiff test by Training Captain Dallas (Michael Craig) before flying again.

It is when Captain Gort's plane crashes for the second time and it appears that once again he is at fault that Captain Dallas listens to the pleadings of Gort's daughter Charlotte (Elizabeth Seal) that her father's name be cleared.

Cone of Silence is a term used in air traffic control. It means the cone-shaped area, immediately above a radar range station, where the approaching pilot ceases to hear the continuous hum which signals him to a correct landing.

Burglars from Ireland

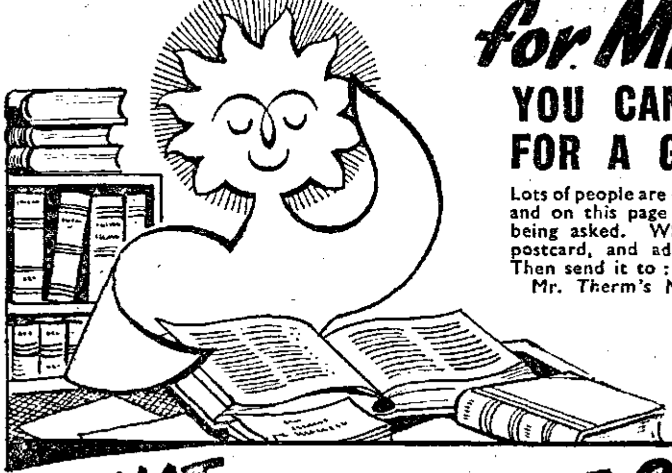
Aldo Ray reaches the gold in the vaults

THE DAY THEY ROBBED THE BANK OF ENGLAND (Aldo Ray, Elizabeth Sellars, and Peter O'Toole).

This exciting story, set in the year 1901, tells how a group of Irish patriots undertook to carry out an apparently impossible task. Their leader is Charles Norgate, an Irish-American adventurer (played by Aldo Ray) who discovers that the Bank of England has one weakness: there is a disused sewer under the vaults where the gold is kept.

To gain knowledge of the bank's layout, Norgate had struck up a friendship with Fitch (Peter O'Toole), the Guards officer in charge of the famous picket which protects the bank every night. But Fitch is not quite such a fool as he seems.

HAVE YOU GOT A QUESTION for Mr. THERM?



YOU CAN WIN BOOK TOKENS FOR A GOOD QUESTION—

Lots of people are interested in answers to interesting questions, and on this page are three of the sort Mr. Therm is always being asked. What's *your* question? Write it on a plain postcard, and add your name and address, and your age. Then send it to:

Mr. *Therm's* Mailbag No. 2, c/o Children's Newspaper,
3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

Each week Mr. Therm will pick the three best questions for answering, and if your question is picked, he'll send you two book tokens. Of course, if more than one of you send the same question, there can only be one prizewinner.

WHAT MAKES A CAKE RISE?

When you pop a tin of cake mixture into the oven you will be disappointed if it is not beautifully risen when you take it out again.

The ingredient in the cake mixture which makes it rise is baking powder. You either add it to plain flour, or use self-raising flour where it has already been mixed in for you.

Plain cakes are made by mixing the dry ingredients together and then adding water, and rich ones contain a lot of fat and eggs which means the mixture is damp from the start. When the baking powder meets dampness it behaves like a spoonful of health salts in water, only in slow motion. It fizzes and bubbles and pushes the mixture up and the heat in the oven sets it round these bubbles so that the cake becomes light and airy.

Of course cakes go wrong, but not if you have the right recipe and it is a gas oven and you use the thermostat properly.

WHO FIRST USED HOT WATER for BATHING?

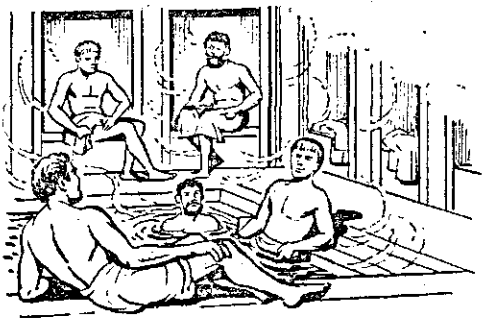
Ever since the dawn of time a nice hot bath has been recognised by sensible people as one of life's great pleasures. Nowadays we are lucky, because, if you have got gas in your home then you can have as much hot water as you want at any time of the day or night.

Of course some people have been lucky for thousands of years—because there are places where hot water simply bubbles up naturally from the ground. This happens in New Zealand, for example.

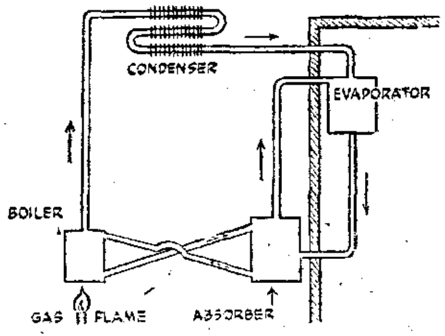
The ancient Romans, we know, knew a lot about hot water, and even had huge public baths with hot water constantly available that could accommodate hundreds of people at a time.

But long before this there seems little doubt that many a crafty prehistoric man knew how to make himself a nice warm bath. He had a very simple system. He heated some large stones and dropped them into a small pool of water, possibly in a hole in some rocks.

But all you have got to do is to turn on the tap and leave the rest to Mr. Therm.



HOW CAN A GAS FLAME COOL A REFRIGERATOR?



I expect you have noticed that if a dab of petrol evaporates on your hand, it makes your hand feel cool. This is because a liquid absorbs heat from its surroundings when it evaporates.

It is this absorption of heat that makes a gas refrigerator work.

In a refrigerator the "surroundings" are the things you want to keep cool—butter, meat, vegetables, and so on—and the liquid which evaporates is liquid ammonia, safely tucked away in coils of metal tubing in the cabinet.

This is just the basic principle that is used to make a gas refrigerator work, but just as in many other cases, the basic idea needs improving by careful scientific research. The unit consists of the boiler, condenser, evaporator, and absorber which are connected by steel tubing and contain a quantity of ammonia, water, and hydrogen at a pressure high enough to condense ammonia at normal room temperatures.

When heat in the form of a flame is applied to the ammonia solution in the boiler, ammonia vapour is driven off leaving a weak solution behind. The ammonia vapour then enters the finned condenser where it cools sufficiently to condense to liquid ammonia, which enters the evaporator in the cabinet where it is mixed with hydrogen from the absorber. The hydrogen which makes up most of the pressure in the unit lowers the vapour pressure of the liquid ammonia in the evaporator: this causes the evaporation which cools the inside of the cabinet.

The mixture of hydrogen and ammonia vapour then passes to the lower part of the finned absorber. Meanwhile the weak ammonia solution from the boiler is fed by gravity to the upper part of the absorber. This solution comes into contact with the ammonia and hydrogen gases from the evaporator. The ammonia gas is absorbed in the solution which returns to the boiler and the hydrogen returns to the evaporator.

The small gas flame not only heats the ammonia solution in the boiler but keeps the circulation going so that the cycle of operation is continuous. When the inside of the cabinet is cool enough, the thermostat shuts the gas flame down.

Of course you can use a pump to do the same job but pumps can go wrong and become noisy and gas flames don't.

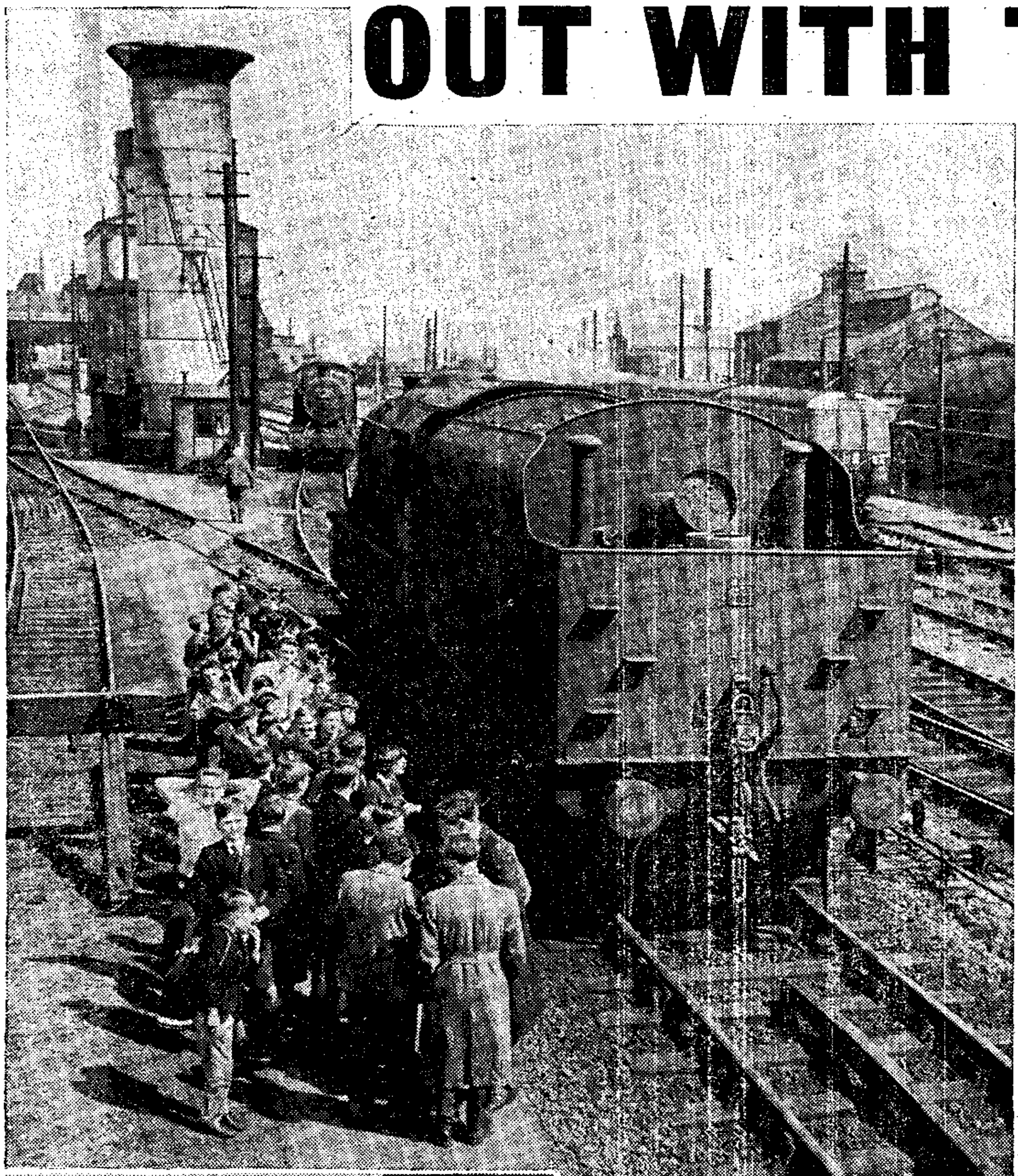
Gas is the simplest way of keeping your food "real cool."

These aren't the only problems Mr. Therm can solve—

Gas Homes are Happy Homes!

OUT WITH THE TRAIN-

A CN man recently went on a trip with a party of young train-spotters; or, to be more precise, with some members of the Junior Locospotters Club of Great Britain. This club was founded at Slough three years ago and at first had only six members. Today it has 300 branches with nearly 5,000 members, all railway enthusiasts. Weekly tours of various railway centres are the most popular of their many activities, and it is one of these tours—to the depot at Southall, Middlesex—that is here described by our reporter.



Locospotters start an exciting day

MR. KIRBY, President of the Junior Locospotters Club, eyed my clothes dubiously at the Southall Booking Office. "This is likely to be dirty work," he explained. He pointed to his own grubby flannels and stained jacket. "You really need something like these."

The reason was soon clear. Within a few minutes after arriving at the engine sheds the 55 boys in the party were in, under, and on top of the various locos housed there—with Mr. Kirby enthusiastically leading the way.

The boys were lucky in having such an excellent guide as Mr. Ted Luscombe, who has been on the footplate as fireman or driver for 41 years.

The engine sheds of a big depot like Southall are a regular mine of new numbers, for apart from new diesel engines ready to begin their service there are many old faithfuls whose careers are drawing to a close.

The pencils got busy when we came across an old tanker loco, ready for the scrapyard, and another engine with solid front wheels. ("Doesn't it look funny? Bet they reduced the speed because of increased wind resistance.")

There was great glee, too, when we spotted some old diesel parcel cars, not because they provided new numbers but because here was something new to climb and explore.

"Let them go," said Mr. Luscombe benevolently as Mr. Kirby made a move to stop them. "They can't do any harm in there."

The older members of the party contented themselves with standing in front of the cars and talking about them. ("Interesting shape that nose. Don't make them like that any more.") But even they could barely conceal a whoop of joy when Britannia 70018—the *Flying Dutchman*—roared by on the nearby main line.

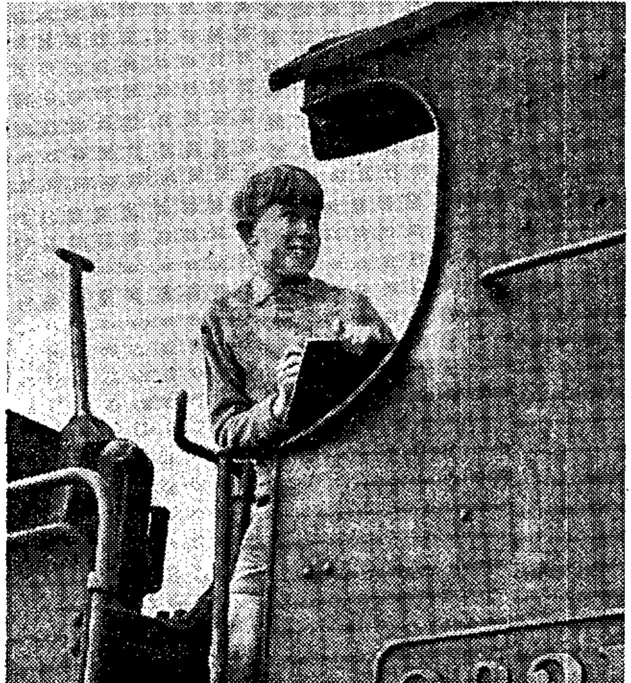
"Didn't expect to see her up here," explained one expert, hastily jotting down the number. "Normally beds down at Cardiff."

There was another thrill in store when Mr. Luscombe unlocked the doors of the Lifting Shop, where the body of the engine can be removed completely from the wheels for repairs.

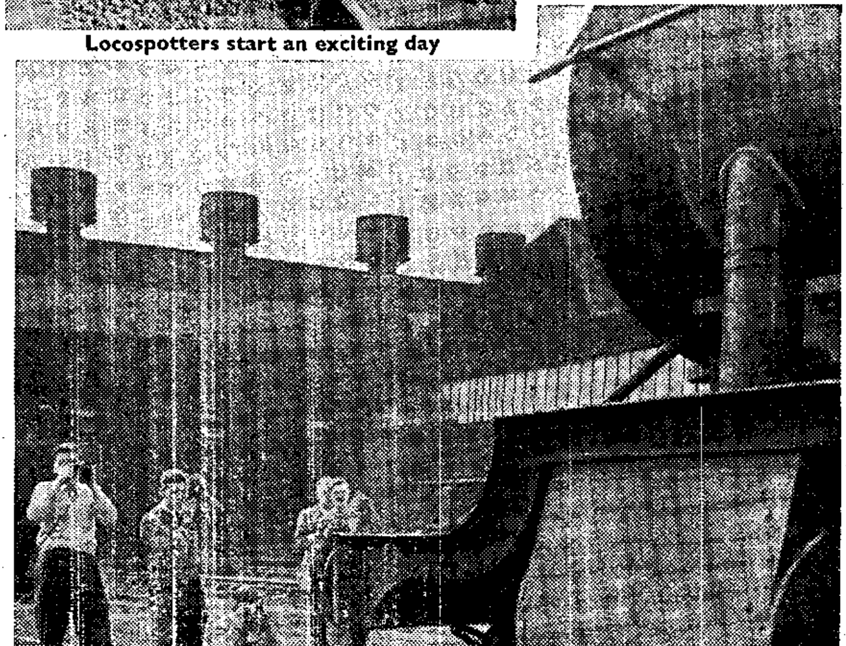
"Don't often get a treat like this," explained Laurie Townsend, 14-year-old junior secretary of the Croydon branch.

Mr. Luscombe climbed down into the pit to give the lads an explanation of the workings of the underparts, and then opened the door of the boiler to show the array of pipes inside.

Some shining new diesels came next, and a 10-year-old New



Christopher Bennett of New Zealand takes a few notes



Just another shot for the train-spotters' albums

Everyone's eager to get a dri

SPOTTERS

Zealand boy, Christopher Bennett, was particularly thrilled at the chance to get a close-up view and compare them with those in his own country. Christopher arrived in England only a few months ago, and this was his second locospotting expedition. He examined the diesels critically. "'Course, I really prefer steam locos."

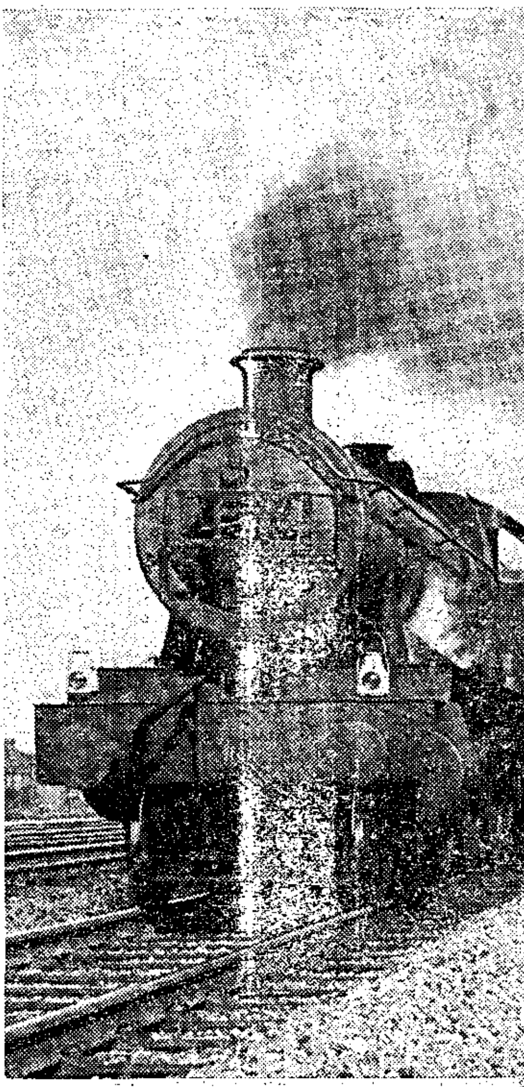
That seemed to be the general opinion. Although the lads collect the numbers of every type of engine (some of them have up to 3,000) the novelty of seeing the new diesels is wearing off. They haven't the "personality" of the giant steam horses.

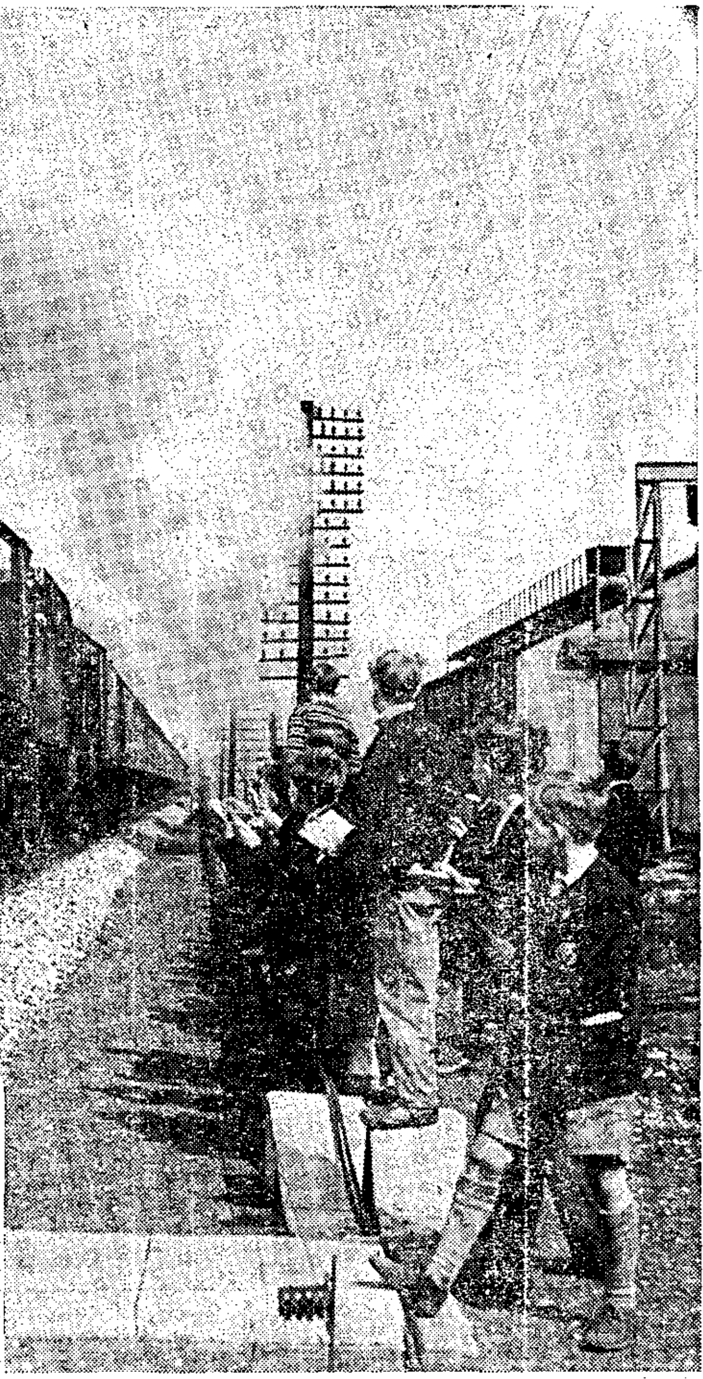
This was apparent when I asked some of the boys if they were going to be engine-drivers when they were older. "No fear!" retorted Michael Standing, a 14-year-old from Ilford. "There will be only diesels by then." "Or hover vehicles," chipped in another lad.

But the lads should have a field day on June 9. British Railways is doing them proud. From Glasgow will come the famous *Clan Buchanan,* and from Inverary will come the *Gordon Highlander*—to take 600 of the boys to the Doncaster Works and the York Railway Museum.

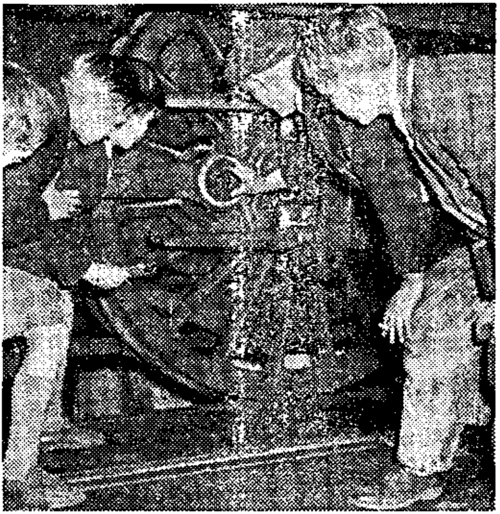
There will be a lot of new numbers in the books of the Junior Locospotters that day. I only wish I could be with them.

R. B.

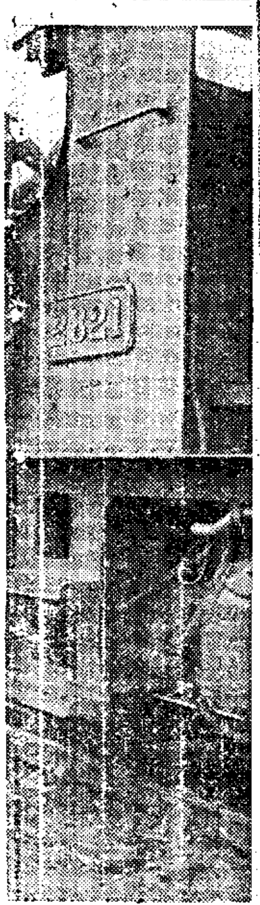




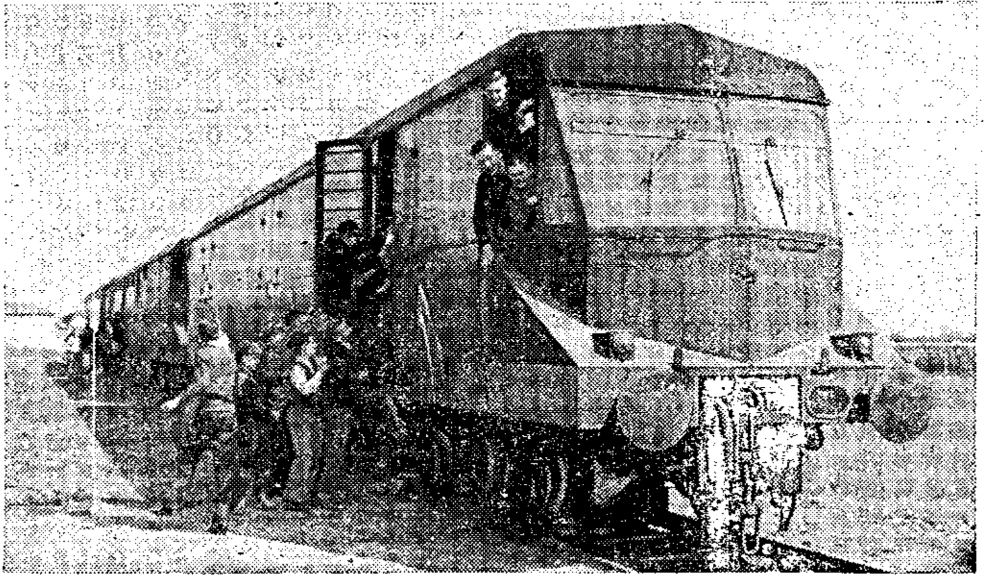
That's a new one, and it helped to make their day.



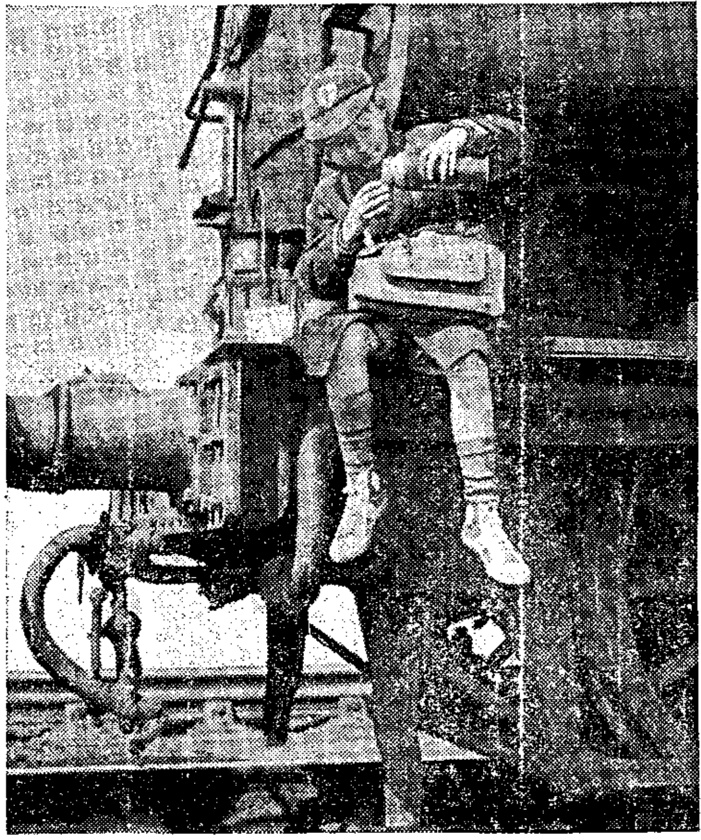
41 years a fireman and driver, Mr. Ted Luscombe can supply all the answers to locospotters who want to know about boilers and connecting rods.



ver's-eye view



Once aboard the diesel and the whole world is theirs

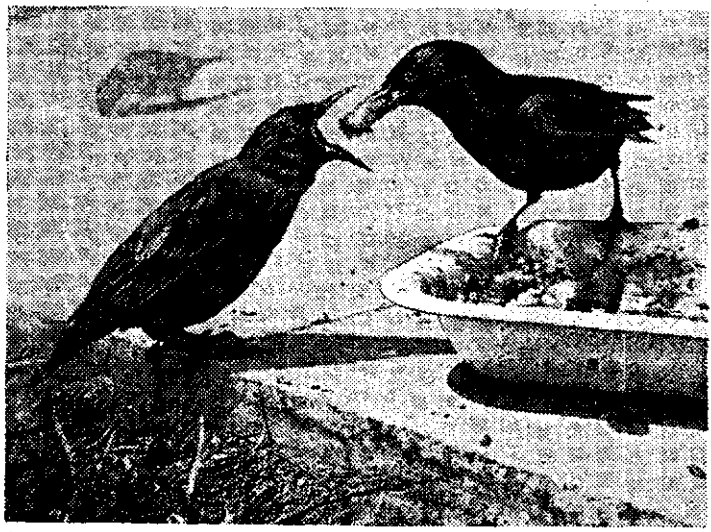


No doubt about it—this locospotting is thirsty work.

Time of dowdy birds and gay caterpillars

JUNE is the month when bird-song reaches its peak and starts to decline. By the end of the month the robins will have completely stopped singing; indeed, the weeks between mid-June and mid-July are the only ones in the year when you are not likely to hear a robin sing. Most other birds will have tailed off, too, by the end of June. Some, such as the blackbird, will not be heard again till next February; others, like the skylark and song thrush, will start up again for a time in the Autumn.

Most of our resident birds are rearing their second brood of young in June, while our Summer visitors are finishing off their first, and in some cases starting on a second. Everywhere you can hear the wheezy, querulous cries of young birds—tits, starlings, owls—asking to be fed. Everywhere you can see them, with wide-open mouths, following their now very tired parents.



Starling feeding a big, hungry baby.

Many of the parents are beginning to moult by June, and you will notice them looking a bit ragged, with a feather out here and there. Sometimes a bird will lose two or three feathers at once in the middle of its tail, making it seem as if its tail is forked.

When drakes go into eclipse, as their moulting plumage is called, they temporarily become unable to fly while they are growing new flight feathers. They also lose all their bright colours and look just like the ducks. If you go to your local park lake at the end of June you will be surprised at all the drake mallards, with their bright bottle-green heads, having apparently disappeared. But they are still there, disguised as ducks, and the best way to distinguish them at this time is by the colour of their bills, which are yellowish, not dark brown like the ducks.

JUNE is a wonderful month for the caterpillar hunter. The large furry caterpillars of the garden tiger moth, called "woolly bears," are now fully grown and can often be seen hurrying off to find a safe place in which to pupate. This is also the month when the gregarious caterpillars of the lackey moth become full-grown, and at last leave the web they have been inhabiting together on a hawthorn hedge; they are blue with bluish-white, reddish, and reddish-orange stripes along them.

An attractive caterpillar that first appears on the ragwort and groundsel plants at the end of June is the cinnabar. Though the moth is red and black, the caterpillar is strikingly different—bright yellow with black bands. Both these combinations of bright colours are intended as a warning to birds and other predators that the wearers are unpleasant to taste.

RICHARD FITTER

ON RECORD

New discs to note

DOHNANYI: *Variations on a Nursery Song* on Decca LXT5550. A few months ago Dohnanyi died in America, and this piece was included in one of his last concerts. Taking the *Ba Ba Black Sheep* theme, Dohnanyi presented each variation in the style of another famous composer. Listen carefully, and try to guess which is which. In this performance the pianist is the excellent Julius Katchen and the London Philharmonic Orchestra is conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. (LP. 38s. 1½d.)

Sir Adrian Boult

BENJAMIN BRITTEN: *Missa Brevis in D* on Decca CEP654. This is one of the *Classical Miniature Series*. Britten wrote this work expressly for the Westminster Cathedral Choir, the recording being made in the Cathedral itself. His composition is enhanced by the beautiful singing of the choir, under its conductor at that time, George Malcolm, and this performance must be one of his finest. (EP. 14s. 7d.)

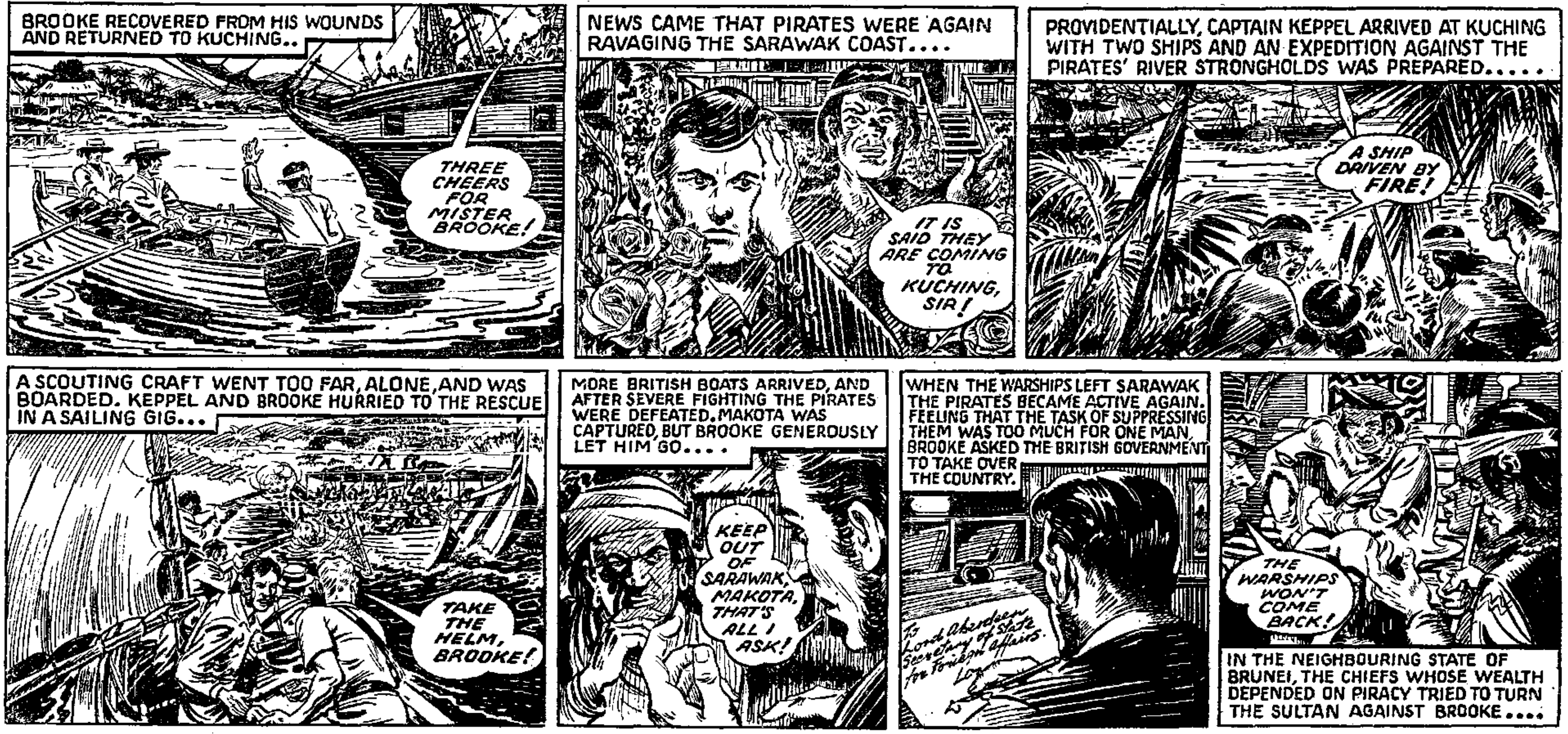
DAVID SEVILLE and THE CHIPMUNKS: *Coming Round The Mountain* on London HLG9125. The cheeky voices of the Chipmunks, coached by David Seville, have produced a version of this old favourite which sounds quite unlike any other. It is impossible not to be charmed by these squeaky-voiced harmonisers. (45. 6s. 4d.)

JIMMY DURANTE: *The Best Things in Life Are Free* on Brunswick 45-05329. This voice could not be mistaken for anyone else's. Later in the year the filmed story of Jimmy Durante's life will be shown. This is a preview of it (45. 6s. 4d.)

STRAVINSKY: *Petrouchka* on Top Rank BUY/007. Sir Eugene Goossens conducts the London Symphony Orchestra in this well-recorded performance which brings to life the bustle and gaiety of the market scene and contrasts well with the haunting theme of the sad Petrouchka. (LP. 22s.)

ERICH KUNZ: *Student Songs* on Top Rank 15/009. This would serve as an excellent introduction to the wonderful baritone, Erich Kunz. With his Viennese vitality and warmth, he excels as he sings this selection of German and Austrian student songs. He is joined by the chorus and orchestra of the Vienna State Opera. (EP. 15s.)

WHITE RAJAH—the story of Sir James Brooke of Sarawak (8)


BROOKE RECOVERED FROM HIS WOUNDS AND RETURNED TO KUCHING..
THREE CHEERS FOR MISTER BROOKE!
NEWS CAME THAT PIRATES WERE AGAIN RAVAGING THE SARAWAK COAST....
IT IS SAID THEY ARE COMING TO KUCHING, SIR!
PROVIDENTIALLY, CAPTAIN KEPPEL ARRIVED AT KUCHING WITH TWO SHIPS AND AN EXPEDITION AGAINST THE PIRATES' RIVER STRONGHOLDS WAS PREPARED.....
A SHIP DRIVEN BY FIRE!
A SCOUTING CRAFT WENT TOO FAR, ALONE, AND WAS BOARDED. KEPPEL AND BROOKE HURRIED TO THE RESCUE IN A SAILING GIG...
TAKE THE HELM, BROOKE!
MORE BRITISH BOATS ARRIVED, AND AFTER SEVERE FIGHTING THE PIRATES WERE DEFEATED. MAKOTA WAS CAPTURED, BUT BROOKE GENEROUSLY LET HIM GO....
KEEP OUT OF SARAWAK, MAKOTA, THAT'S ALL I ASK!
WHEN THE WARSHIPS LEFT SARAWAK THE PIRATES BECAME ACTIVE AGAIN. FEELING THAT THE TASK OF SUPPRESSING THEM WAS TOO MUCH FOR ONE MAN, BROOKE ASKED THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT TO TAKE OVER THE COUNTRY.
To Lord Aberdeen Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.
THE WARSHIPS WON'T COME BACK!
IN THE NEIGHBOURING STATE OF BRUNEI, THE CHIEFS WHOSE WEALTH DEPENDED ON PIRACY TRIED TO TURN THE SULTAN AGAINST BROOKE....

WILL THE SULTAN, BROOKE'S OVERLORD, TURN AGAINST HIM? SEE NEXT WEEK'S INSTALMENT

THE TROUBLE WITH JENNINGS

by Anthony Buckeridge

Jennings and his friends are secretly planning to entertain the masters at an "At Home." After arguing about what sort of cake they shall have, Jennings asks Atkinson (who is not aware of their plans) to purchase a sponge in Dunhambury. The boys smuggle food from the dining-hall during tea, and afterwards Darbishire reports to Mr. Wilkins in the staff-room with butter in his pocket. The heat of the gas fire melts the butter and Darbishire is unable to conceal the contraband from Mr. Wilkins, who angrily orders him out of the room.

22. Mistaken intentions

THERE was really no point in staying downstairs in the tuck-box room any longer.

"Come on. I vote we go and see if Atki's finished his tea yet," Jennings suggested, leading the way out through the door.

They met Atkinson emerging from the dining-hall. "Have you got it?" the three boys chorused together.

Held in Atkinson's fingers was a foam rubber washing sponge

He nodded and led the way to the lobby where the boys kept their caps and coats. "It's in my raincoat pocket," he told them.

Jennings was shocked. This was no way to treat a fragile piece of pâtisserie. Anxiously, he exclaimed: "Gosh! I hope you haven't squashed it."

Atkinson looked at him in surprise. "Don't worry; it'll spring back into shape all right," he said. "They hadn't got any yellow ones in the shop, so I got a green one instead."

"A *green* one," Jennings echoed, bewildered.

"Well, why not? You said the colour didn't matter."

The hosts exchanged glances. What on earth was Atkinson talking about?

They soon knew; for as he spoke he produced his purchase from his raincoat pocket and held it out for their inspection.

There was a gasp of horror, followed by a wail of protest, for the object held in Atkinson's fingers was a foam rubber washing sponge.

"Oh, *no*!" cried Jennings, smiting his brow in despair.

"Oh, golly. That's bished up the issue properly," groaned Venables.

It was Atkinson's turn to look surprised. "Why, don't you like it?"

"Like it!" Jennings echoed weakly. "Honestly, Atki, you must be bonkers. I wanted you to buy me a cake."

"Cake! You never told me that. You said you wanted a sponge."

"So I did. A sponge cake."

"Oh . . . Oh, I see!" Atkinson's expression changed; he pulled a long face and shrugged his shoulders. "Well, it's not my fault. You should say what you mean. You didn't say anything about a cake. You never even mentioned the word."

"Yes, but don't you see . . ." Jennings began, and then broke off with a gesture of helplessness. There was no point in arguing; the damage was done now, and it wasn't Atkinson's fault, really. If they had taken him into their confidence and explained their plans this disastrous misunderstanding would never have occurred.

Atkinson was still looking mystified, so, with Jennings' permission, Venables explained the reason why they had sought his help. "And the cake was to have been the high-spot of the whole treat," he finished up. "But now we shall have to wash it right out."

"Don't talk to me about washing. It reminds me of green sponges," Jennings said with a shudder. "We'll just have to make do without a cake; that's all. There'll still be egg sandwiches, don't forget. I vote we start making them as soon as Darbi turns up with the butter."

As though in answer to this suggestion a small figure appeared at the far end of the corridor, heading in their direction. As the newcomer approached, it became clear from his expression that he was the bearer of ill tidings.

"What's up, Darbi? Old Wilkie in a bate?" Venables inquired.

"Yes, but that's not all," Darbishire replied, as he came to rest in the middle of the group. "There's been a catastrophe. Something terrible's happened."

Anxiously, they demanded details.

Down the drain

"Well, I went to the staff-room after tea, as per instructions," he began; "I sat at one end of the table and Old Wilkie sat next to me."

"You needn't spend all night on the seating arrangements," Temple said impatiently.

"Ah, but it's important. You see, I was sitting next to the gas fire," Darbishire continued, "and it got hotter and hotter . . ."

"Go on," urged Venables.

"And in the end all the butter got liquidated, and Sir found it and turned me out."

They stared at him in concern.

"Oh, fish-hooks! We've had it now," groaned Venables. "That means he knows all about it."

A wan smile flickered for a moment on Darbishire's lips. The situation, though grave, contained one consoling factor, which in happier circumstances would have caused him a great deal of amusement. "No, he doesn't. He thought it was dubbin, so he didn't suspect anything," he explained.

"Phew! Thank goodness for that." Jennings sighed with relief. "And where is it now?"

"The butter? I poured it down the drain."

No cake, no butter

Fresh gasps of horror rang out from the group. "Oh, Darbi! You needn't have wasted it like that," Temple protested. "We could easily have *un*liquidated it. If we'd left it out on the window-sill all night, it would have been as hard as a school bun by the morning."

Darbishire shook his head sadly. "It wouldn't have been worth it, honestly. You see, the bag came unstuck at the seams, and by the time I'd got out of Old Wilkie's gunsights most of it had run through into my pocket."

It was all bitterly disappointing. First, no cake; and now, no butter. One disaster had followed so rapidly upon the heels of the other that it seemed as if their efforts were doomed to failure.

To console them for their loss, Atkinson gave them a bag of peanuts which he had bought in Dunhambury. The gift was accepted with gloomy gratitude; it wasn't much, but at least it was something, and on the strength of this contribution Atkinson was enrolled as an assistant host.

"I know what we could do," said Jennings, trying hard to cheer up his despairing colleagues. "If we grind the peanuts to pulp we could make peanut butter to spread on the bread."

It didn't sound a promising idea, even in theory; and when they carried out a small-scale experiment with a single peanut, the result was an obvious failure.

"I knew it wouldn't work," grumbled Temple. "No cake, no butter and now no peanut butter. Just rotten old eggs and mouldy old hunks of bread and stuff. If you ask me, we might as well call the whole thing off."

To Jennings, this was unthinkable. "We can't call it off just because we've had a couple of accidents," he argued. "Perhaps we could smuggle out some more butter at tea tomorrow. There might still be time to put it on the sandwiches before the 'At Home' starts." He slipped the bag of peanuts into his pocket and gave Temple an encouraging pat on the shoulder. "Don't look so fossilized about it! Whatever else has gone wrong, at least we haven't got to worry about Old Wilkie finding out about our plans."

Mr. Carter was on dormitory duty on Tuesday evening. As a result, he did not come downstairs for supper until most of the other masters had left the dining-hall. Mr. Wilkins, however, was still seated at the table finishing his cheese and biscuits.

"I was looking for you after tea, Wilkins," Mr. Carter said, as he unfolded his table-napkin. "I wanted to have a word about extra football practice for the First XI, but you weren't in your room when I called."

"I was in the staff-room, giving a boy some coaching," Mr. Wilkins replied. The memory of this still rankled and, with a note of irritation in his voice, he leaned across the table and said: "Really, I don't know what things are coming to! Believe it or not, Carter, that stupid youth, Darbishire, reported for a maths lesson with his pockets bulging with—with . . ." Mr. Wilkins almost choked over his cheese biscuit at the horrifying recollection. "Well, what do you think? You'd never guess."

Without hesitation Mr. Carter replied: "I'd say it was butter."

"Eh!" Mr. Wilkins eyebrows shot up and he sat bolt upright in his chair. He was taken aback, not only by the promptness of the

Continued on page 10

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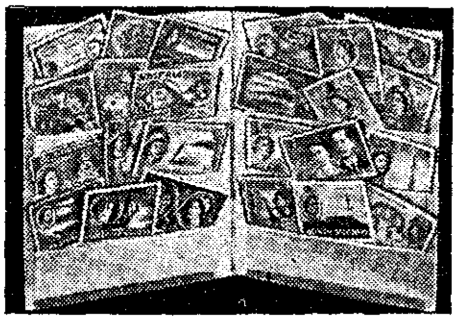

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WORLD OF STAMPS

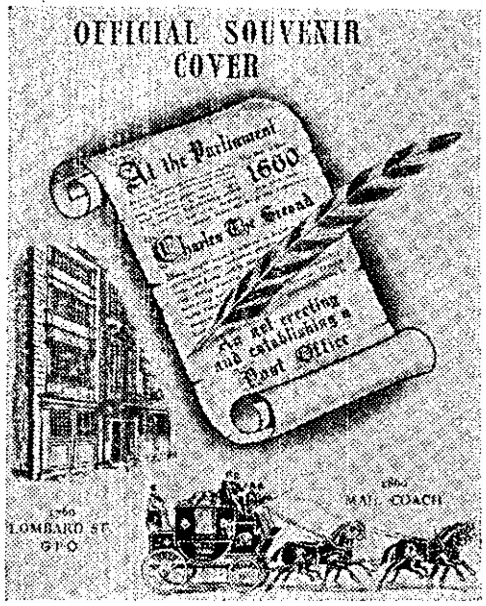
POSTMARKS FROM PECULIAR PLACES

The Postmaster-General has announced dates for the two British commemorative series to be released this year. The 3d. and 1s. 3d. stamps celebrating the tercentenary of King Charles II's Act of Parliament which established the General Post Office will appear on 7th July.

The other stamps, 6d. and 1s. 6d., which mark the first anniversary of the European Postal and Tele-communications Conference, will be issued on 19th September.

For collectors who like First Day Covers, the organisers of the London International Stamp Exhibition have prepared special souvenir envelopes. Their design shows the Act of 1660, with a quill pen for King Charles to sign it; a view of the G.P.O. in Lombard Street, London, in 1760; and a mail-coach of 1860.

A souvenir envelope, showing a view of the Thames looking down stream from Westminster, has also been prepared for the Exhibition itself. All the mail posted at the Exhibition post office will be postmarked with one of the two special cancellations. Both include the Tudor Rose in their design.



Postmarks from all over the world are described in a new book, *Postmark Collecting,* by R. K. Forster (Stanley Paul, 30s.). In an alphabetical list the author illustrates examples from places with very strange names. There are Clock Face, Mumps and Sudden, in Lancashire; and Forty Foot and Jump, in Yorkshire.

First in the list is the Norwegian fishing village of A, which stands at the head of Afjord, north of Trondheim. America has post offices named Fireworks, Bangs, Zigzag, and even Peculiar!

If you have visited the Castle Museum, at York, you will know that it contains a little cobbled street with shops reconstructed to resemble those of old. A post office of 120 years ago has recently been added to them, and to mark its opening, reproductions of the Penny Black of 1840 are sold there.

Visitors to the museum can now put one of these interesting "stamps" on their mail. But ordinary stamps must also be affixed to pay the postage, for the Penny Black is no longer valid.

Among foreign stamps issued recently is a beautiful series from Czechoslovakia. Each stamp shows a different castle and as they are all low values, a complete series of eight should cost only a few pence in used condition.

C. W. Hill

THE TROUBLE WITH JENNINGS

Continued from page 9

answer, but also by what it implied.

"What makes you say that?" he asked sharply. "I thought it was dubbin for his football boots."

By way of reply his colleague put his hand in his pocket and brought out a sheet of paper torn from an exercise book. During tea that afternoon when the boys were already in the dining-hall, he had chanced to go into the common-room in search of a book. He noticed that the room was tidy except for one piece of paper lying on the floor by the table.

One glance enabled him to recognise Venables' handwriting, while a second revealed that the paper contained some interesting information.

Mr. Wilkins thought so, too, when he saw it! His complexion turned a shade pinker as he read aloud:

"Provisions for Wed. night, to be provided by persons as follows:

Jennings . . Some bread
Darbi . . . 8 bits of butter
. . ."

With a cry of wrath the master leaped to his feet. "So that's the game! Well, of all the . . .!" For a moment words failed him.

Quietly Mr. Carter said: "So you see it didn't require such amazing powers of deduction to guess your little riddle after all."

By now Mr. Wilkins had regained his power of speech. Tapping the document with his forefinger he said: "It's quite obvious what this means, Carter. Jennings and Darbishire and those silly little boys in Dormitory 4 are planning to hold a feast after 'lights out' tomorrow night. Sponge cake, bread and butter, eggs—there's nothing else it *could* mean."

To be continued

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TELL your friends that you can produce something which neither you nor anyone else has seen before and will never see again after you have shown it.

Your friends may scoff at the idea; but to prove your words take a nut and crack it, show them the kernel, and then eat it.

QUITE A CONTRAST

PELICANS seem to smile,
Penguins look so sad;
Pelicans chuckle all the while,
Penguins can't be glad.
Pelicans strut in pride,
Penguins cannot strut;
Pelicans say: What a lovely day!
Penguins say: Tut-tut!

ADRIFT

Do you know which of the following rivers is out of place?

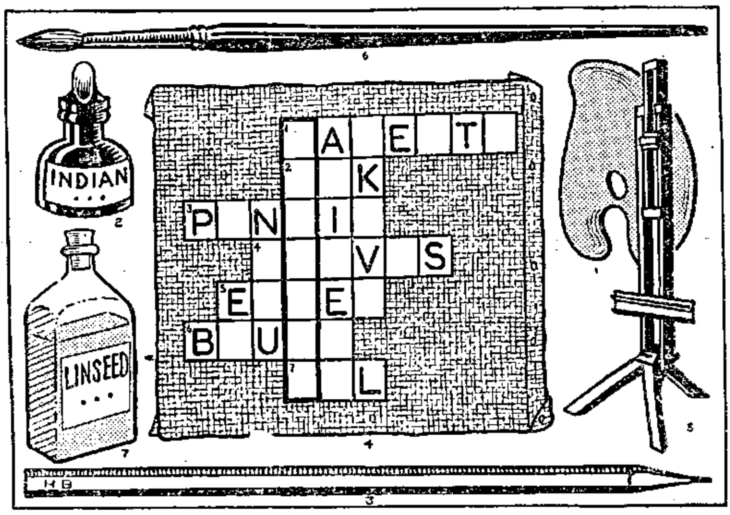
RED River, Amazon, Missouri, Rio Grande, Potomac.

ADDING TO ANNE

The answer to each clue is a word containing the name ANNE. By counting the dashes you will learn the number of letters needed to complete each word.

ANNE —	To take possession
— — anne —	Used for tightening nuts
— anne —	Made brown by the sun
— — anne —	Strait, or narrow sea
— anne —	Way in which anything is done
— — anne —	Soft, woollen cloth.

NAME THE PAINTER



COMPLETE this crossword with the aid of the picture clues. If you do so correctly, the letters in the column 1 Down will spell the name of a modern Spanish painter.

NEW NAMES FOR OLD

Below are given the former names of four countries: do you know what they are called now?

MESOPOTAMIA; Gold Coast; Abyssinia; Siam.

Most upsetting

SAID a bright little bather from Crewe,
Who came out of the sea looking blue:
"The sea's not polite,
It gave me a fright;
When I sat on a wave I went through."

JUMBLED BIRDS

The names of six familiar birds have here become mixed up. Can you sort them out?

FIELDCRAKE; missel lark; wood owl; skyfare; corn thrush; tawny pigeon.

BILLY TRIES TO DELAY MATTERS

BILLY stood at the foot of the stairs and watched his mother putting on her coat and hat. Giving herself a final glance in the mirror, she said. "Right, off we go then."

Billy held the door open, then stopped. "I've just remembered: I forgot to wash my face. Shan't be a moment." And before Mummy could say a word he dashed headlong up the stairs.

It was nearly three minutes before he came down again, his face shining like a newly-polished apple.

"Very smart," said Mummy. "Now perhaps we can go."

"Have you got your handbag?" asked Billy.

"Yes thank you."

"What about the car keys?

"They're in my handbag."

Slowly and reluctantly Billy followed Mummy to the car. He opened the door very politely and asked if she was comfortable and did she like the window up or down.

Mummy thanked him and said she liked everything exactly as it was and if he didn't mind it was really time that they were leaving.

Billy walked round to the other side of the car and was about to get in when he stood back a moment. "I haven't got my cap," he said. "You know you always like me to wear it when we go anywhere special. I'll just go and get it."

He pretended not to hear Mummy's call, that it didn't matter, and dashed into the house.

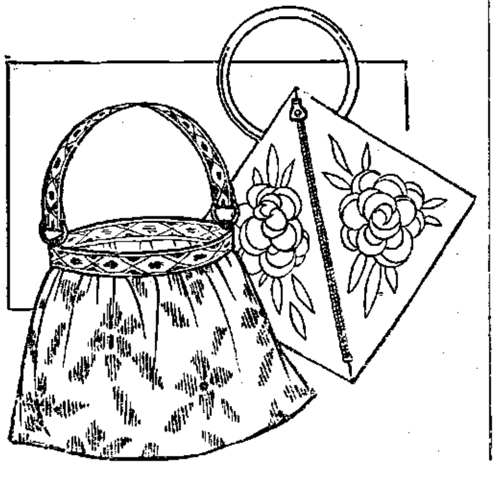
Another few minutes went by before he returned to the car.

"Right," said Mummy. "I'm very glad that you are so anxious to look smart. But we don't want to keep the dentist waiting any longer—do we?"

Two pretty little party bags

THE two dainty little party bags shown here can be made quite easily from scraps of curtain material. The first bag can be made from a piece of material about twelve inches long and nine inches wide. Fold in half and join up at the sides to form a bag about six inches deep. The mouth of the bag is then gathered to a band of braid, to which two plastic curtain rings should be sewn. A second piece of braid is passed through the rings and sewn to provide the handle.

For the diamond-shaped bag two pieces of material, each about seven inches square, are needed. Cut one square diagonally and put in a zipp fastener. Seam the two squares together, leaving one corner open. Turn the right way, slip in a bangle as the handle, and finish joining the squares by oversewing.



MEETING THE PENSIONER

The Peter Pan Starlets of Gillingham, Kent, who put on charity shows, decided to include a Chelsea Pensioner item. So three of them went along to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, to check up on details.

MY DOG

WHEN I go off to school
My dog will say goodbye,
Looking up and wondering,
With the saddest eye.

And all day long I miss my dog,
So black and soft to touch,
And wonder if he misses me
Half as much.

And when I come back home again
I do not need to call,
For he is waiting at the door,
Bright eyes, tail-wag, and all.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

Name the painter. 1 Palette; 2 ink; 3 pencil; 4 canvas; 5 easel; 6 brush; 7 oil—PICASSO. **Jumbled birds.** Fieldfare; missel thrush; wood pigeon; skylark; corncrake; tawny owl. **New names for old.** Iraq; Ghana; Ethiopia; Thailand. **Adrift.** The Amazon is in South America; the others are in North America. **Adding to Anne.** Anne-x; sp-anne-r; t-anne-d; ch-anne-l; m-anne-r; fl-anne-l.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWER

I	S	I	S	▨	A	I	M	S
D	A	S	H	E	D	▨	▨	U
O	T	▨	E	A	S	T	E	R
L	I	N	E	R	▨	A	L	E
▨	S	O	N	▨	A	P	E	▨
E	F	T	▨	S	I	E	V	E
E	Y	E	L	I	D	▨	A	A
L	▨	▨	G	R	E	E	T	S
S	N	U	B	▨	D	U	E	T

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All ready for Britain's toughest cycle race

NEXT Monday sees the start of the country's longest and toughest cycle race—the Tour of Britain. Most of our leading amateur cyclists, together with teams from Belgium, Holland, Sweden, East Germany, South Africa, and Switzerland, will set out on the first leg of this gruelling marathon through 25 counties and 1,500 miles of England and Wales.

The tour is divided into 13 stages, one being covered each day. Each stage is virtually a separate race in itself, with prizes awarded for the best performances. In a single stage it is possible for a rider to win more than £20, as well as other prizes. The overall winner is the rider who has the smallest time aggregate at the end of the tour.

Fitness, stamina, and steel nerves—these will certainly be required by the winner, for the course ranges from fast, flat stretches to long, back-breaking climbs and the hair-raising descents on the other side where speeds of up to 60 m.p.h. may be reached.

Each team will have its own servicing group following close behind in vans or cars. Should one of the riders puncture a tyre or slip a chain these experts will leap into action, for every second is vital.

Bill Bradley

Refreshment in the form of chocolate, bananas, and dried fruit, contained in a little knapsack called a bidon, will be handed to the riders at pre-arranged points on the route. Liquids will also be available, although most riders will carry their own.

At most towns arrangements have been made to dry-clean the riders' clothes overnight, ready for a fresh start the next day.

Favourite for the race is Bill Bradley of Southport, winner of last year's Tour. He will receive stern opposition, however, particularly from the strong East German team. Bill recently returned from the classic Prague-Warsaw-Berlin event (often described as the toughest amateur race on Earth) in which he finished tenth, a fine performance when it is remembered that he was one of 90 riders from 15 countries taking part.

Starting from Blackpool, the cavalcade will head eastward, through the industrial towns of Lancashire and into Yorkshire, where the 85 riders will have to conquer the lofty 2,270-foot Pen-y-ghent, which provides one of the toughest climbs of the Tour.

On the 11th June the riders will arrive in London. The following morning they will set off for Southsea; and then on to Weston-super-Mare.

The next stage takes them across the border into South Wales on the 120-mile run to Porthcawl. Then comes one of the toughest periods in the whole tour, for the riders will spend a good deal of the day out of their saddles, forcing their way up and over the Brecon Beacon mountains.

On the 18th June comes the final dash back to Blackpool.

Morning exercise

Beryl Noakes, an international swimmer at 17, hopes for a place in Britain's Olympic team at Rome. Here she is taking a little morning exercise near her home at Eltham, Kent.

GYMNASTS FOR THE OLYMPICS

ANOTHER of the British Olympic teams has been chosen, that of the gymnasts.

Leader of the team is C.S.M.I. Nick Stuart, senior instructor in the Army Physical Training Corps. He is strongly fancied to become the first Briton to win an Olympics gymnastic medal for 40 years. A Yorkshireman, standing only 5 feet 4 inches, he has displayed his skill all over the world and won many honours.

Others in the team are Stuart's Army P.T. colleagues R. H. Gradley, and J. E. Pancott; P. Starling (Norwich); K. Buffin (Cardiff).

Wanderers to the West Indies

ON Thursday 17 of Britain's top-class amateur footballers will fly to Trinidad for nine matches in the West Indies, yet another of the many Summer tours organised by Middlesex Wanderers, perhaps the most famous of all "touring clubs."

The players will spend eleven days in Trinidad before journeying on to Kingston and Bermuda.

Players from England, Scotland, and Wales are in the party. Among them are Mike Pinner, Alf and Denis D'Arcy, Mike Greenwood, and Bobby Brown, all of whom may be in the British team for the Olympics in Rome later in the Summer.

Lung test for swimmers

Members of the Southall Swimming Club, Middlesex, using an apparatus for testing the lungs after a session in the baths. A junior member notes down the recordings while a doctor keeps watch.

Czech champion at 12

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S newest swimming champion is 12-year-old Zorka Cechová, who recently did the 200 metres breast-stroke in three minutes 1.6 seconds to become the youngest senior national title holder.

Zorka, who lives in the east Bohemian town of Hradec Králové, started swimming when she was five and entered competitions four years later. Her trainers are her father and her mother, herself a former holder of many Czechoslovak back-stroke and crawl records.

Zorka practises every day before and after school, covering up to 2½ miles in the water.

Our picture shows Zorka with some of the trophies she has won during the past eight years.

TENNIS STAR TURNS TO GOLF

A YEAR ago Roger Becker was in the tennis doldrums. He had lost form and seriously considered giving up the game. This season, however, he has recovered his old zest for the game and returned to Britain's Davis Cup side for the match against Holland last month.

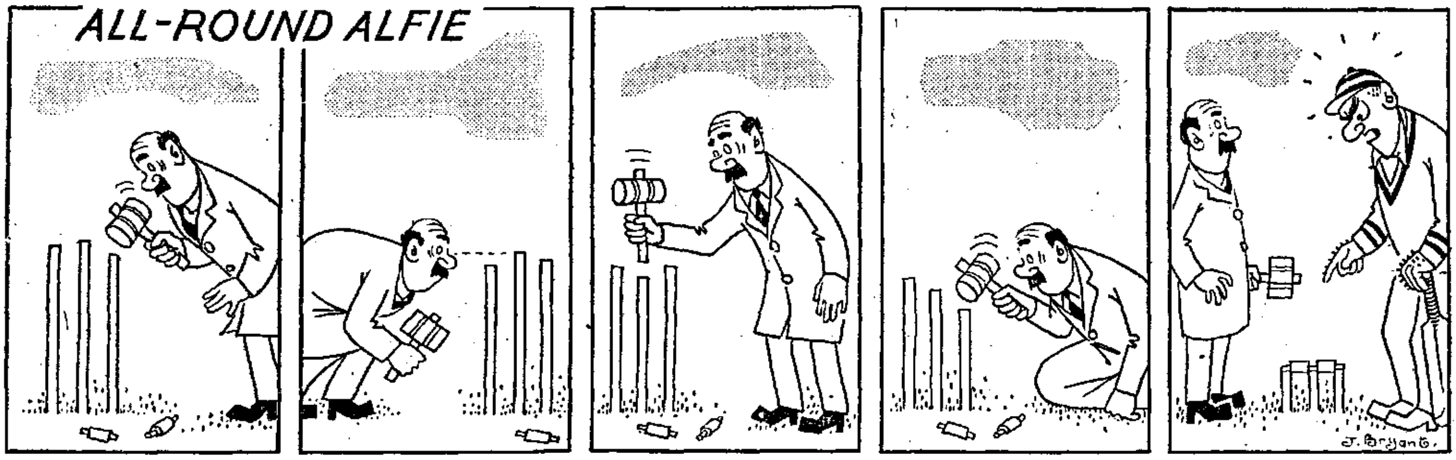
Nevertheless, Roger feels that golf is likely to be his main sport. He took up the game only a year ago, but already his handicap is down to 14—and he has done a hole in one. This month he is to compete in his first major golf tournament, the amateur-professional partnership event at Sunningdale.

Europe's athletes in London

ATHLETES from many countries will be seen in action on Saturday and Monday when the British Games will be held at London's White City.

Olympic probables from Czechoslovakia, East and West Germany, Hungary, and France will be competing against Britain's champions.

Also incorporated in this meeting is the Inter-Counties championship. There will be a great battle between the holders, Middlesex, Surrey, and Essex, who surprised many by finishing second last year.



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